

DRAMATIC MIRROR

AND

LITERARY COMPANION.

DEVOTED TO THE STAGE AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY JAMES REES.]

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GALLERY OF PORTRAITS—No. 7.



For the Dramatic Mirror.

BIOGRAPHY OF
MR. JOHN R. SCOTT,
TRAGEDIAN.

BY COLLEY CIBBER.

"I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance. I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

Actors, it is said, are public property, and the critic's subjects, the exercise however, of this power, has been chiefly employed for the purposes of censure, and many an individual has been selected out as the target for the shafts

of malice to be aimed at, when the cause could have been traced to personal pique, exercising its influence over the press, which not unfrequently lends its mighty powers unthinkingly, for these ungenerous attacks. Individuals whose vocation is of a public character, should be dealt with as honorable aspirants for fame, no matter whether it be for the bar, the pulpit, or the stage, they are all candidates for public favour, and look to it, not only for countenance, but protection.

It has been to us a pleasing task, to record the events in the histrionic career of many

native actors and actresses, and rescue as it were, from the world's cold neglect, names that once sounded pleasing to the ear, and which would have passed from the memory, if we had not carved for them a place in the dramatic annals of our country. We take no credit to ourselves for this, a pleasing duty, it has been to us a work of pleasure, and, like another "old mortality," we have been enthusiastic in the pursuit.

The subject of our present sketch, is one with whom we have differed on many points connected with the profession he has adopted, his excellence and his faults have been alike the subject of our notice. With that candour and nobleness of nature which characterise the man, our remarks have been received kindly, nor have we in one single instance, disturbed the equanimity of his temper, or caused the least abatements of that friendly feeling which has existed between us for years. Upon a reference to the columns of the Mirror, our readers will find a notice of his Othello, we stated there, and again repeat it that by a proper study of the character, a disposition to excel, he can make it peculiarly his own. Othello is a finished painting, and he who attempts to copy it must be in the full sense of the word—an artist.

JOHN R. SCOTT, was born at the Drawbridge, Philadelphia, on the 17th of October, 1808. It may be necessary to state now, that the drawbridge has yielded to the march of improvement, it was for many years, a passage way over Dock, parallel with Front Streets, near to which stood, and still stands, the house in which the subject of our notice first saw the light of day. He was not intended for any particular profession, but his father endeavoured to give him such an education as would enable him to be the architect of his own fortune; when he reached that period of his life it became necessary to look out for himself. His parents not being wealthy their ambition was not to make their son a great man, but a useful one. A classical education was beyond their reach, but a good English one, was, and is, within the compass of all. To the extent of their means young Scott enjoyed all the advantage thus offered, and he profited by them. At an early age, he was placed in the counting house of Mr. Wm. S. Smith, & Co., and for several years was their chief man of business, and they are to this day, his best of friends.

About that period theatricals had taken a rise, and the position of the drama in the scale of society was such that its votaries were entitled to a degree of respect for whom the opponents had for many years strenuously endeavoured to deprive them of.

The many Thespian societies in the city at that time, offered to the young aspirants for histrionic fame, every facility for the indulging of their propensity for the stage, and there is no doubt but the play book occupied as much of their time as did the day book and ledger.

Between J. R. Scott, and Edwin Forrest's, theatrical career, there is a striking similarity. Forrest was in the counting house of J. R. Baker, & Son, German Importers, in Race Street, below Third, and if we mistake not, they were both members of the same Thespian corps. Forrest was a close student. His duties at the desk were not unfrequently neglected for the drama. His propensity for the stage rendered him unfit for any thing else, and the counting house was soon discarded for the more stirring, and to a young man, more pleasing business of a theatre. The same spirit manifested itself in Scott, and in the twenty-first year of his age he made his first appearance upon the stage as an actor, at the Park Theatre, New York, on the second of July, 1829, in the character of Malcolm, in Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, being for the benefit of Mr. Booth. Mrs. Gilfert playing Lady Macbeth. He was immediately engaged by Booth, the then manager for the committee of the Tremont theatre, Boston, for the following season, and made his second appearance on any stage, as a regular actor, as Peter, in *Speed the Plough*, he had but two lines to speak, in which he made a dead failure—having a message to deliver to Sir Abel Handy, in which are these words, "*Mashed all to pieces*," he delivered it thus, "*Smashed all to potent axeltrees*!" He was not permitted to speak for three months, being placed among the mutes, in groupes, ballets, &c., to become as Booth observed, "accustomed to the stage,"—good advice.

An actor in Baltimore, some years ago, having to play the Duke in *Othello*, and not being *au fait* in his part, found himself at fault when he came to this passage, "Take up this mangled matter at the best," and not wishing to call forth the goose from the audience, spoke it in this wise, "Take up the star-spangled banner, and *b-e-a-r* it to the west." We believe that was his last appearance upon any stage.

Mr. Scott's next appearance in any character of note was Buckingham, and continued during the season playing what it termed "heavy business." The next season he was re-engaged for a wide range of characters, or "general utility," playing Sailors, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Dandies, in fact, a little of every thing. Third season, engaged for first tragedy, and became ere the season was over a great favourite. His next engagement was with Jones, Duffy, and Forrest, at the Arch Street Theatre, playing the entire range of leading tragedy, and seconding Mr. Forrest in his flying visits.

Charles Kean was playing his engagement at the Chesnut, during the season of 1830,-1, with some degree of success, predicated, however, upon the popularity of his father. The manager of the Arch put up Scott as the American tragedian in opposition, and crowded houses was the consequence, which of course, thinned Old Drury—he played Richard, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, &c., characters in which he is very popular now. We look upon

this as a bad move for Scott, he was then on the ladder of fame rising gradually up, indebted alone to self, and the indomitable spirit which characterises the American people, he would have reached its topmost round ere two winters more had passed away, but this so elated him, that he made a hop step and jump over the heads of older actors, and took a position he could not maintain. Youth is vain, and is often times 'apt to imagine itself matured, when in fact it is just blossoming. This slight error in the theatrical career of Scott, is now about being corrected, or rather we should say the evil which resulted from it—we have before us a letter from him in which he makes use of the following language: "I thank you for your kind regard for my professional success. I have thought more of it within the last year or two, than I have heretofore, and the necessity of a closer attention to its duties. It is never too late, &c., &c." This is exactly the fault we have to find with our actors, with the exception of Forrest, they have all neglected the spring time for study, and left it for the autumn of their life.

Mr. Scott *will study*, and *will improve*, for he has that before him which will not permit him to "loose a trick," to gain. During his engagement with these gentlemen he made trips to Boston, Albany, Baltimore and Pittsburgh.

He afterwards engaged with Hamblin at the Bowery, playing leading tragedy and melo drama—having now established a reputation as an actor, and being a general favorite he had no difficulty in securing an engagement any where; he visited all the Atlantic cities, the lakes, the towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, and in the winter of 1838 we find him with Caldwell in New Orleans, highly esteemed as a man, and liked as an actor. The writer of this has heard Mr. Caldwell, speak in the highest terms of Mr. Scott, and we believe there is not an actor in the country more respected by manager than is the subject of this biography.

At the opening of Burton's Theatre, Scott was regularly engaged fulfilling which he left and has since been playing alternately in New York and Philadelphia. He is now in the latter place a great favorite, and enacting the Cardinal Richelieu with much *clat*.

Mr. Scott is no copyist. He has genius and talent, a good figure, excellent countenance, a fine manly voice—he needs no model for a study, with such auxiliaries to aid him. It is his own fault if he does not reach the height of his profession and add a never dying lustre to the brightness of our dramatic history already studded with stars, whose light have *pal'd* many a shooting one from foreign shores.

ADELPHI.—A new drama was produced here on Monday evening, 25th ult., said to be founded on a court anecdote, entitled "The Maid of Honor; or From Little Causes Great Events Arise." The story is one of court intrigue.

A new piece, for Madame Celeste, in which she is to sustain the principal, and a very beautiful part, is also on the point of production at the Hay market. This lady has made rather a surprising impression upon the town, and is now as popular among us as she was two or three seasons ago in the United States. Wallack not having been wanted during the last week, has been sojourning out of London for the benefit of his health, and refusing, we believe, any engagements that would interfere with his enjoyments. He must now return to his duties at the Haymarket without delay.

THE SOUTHERN STAGE, ACTORS AND AUTHORS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Hamlet. Good my lord, will you see the players well bes'owed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than there ill report while you live.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet. Odd's bodikin, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. (Old Edition.)

"Totus mundus agit histrionem."

TO

JAMES HENRY CALDWELL, ESQ.

THIS WORK TO WHICH HE HAS

SO LARGELY CONTRIBUTED,

IS, WITH PERMISSION,

Enscribed by His

MOST OBEDIENT AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

(PART FIRST.)

THE SOUTHERN STAGE.

"Like some lone pilgrim, through the Western wild,
Fair Thalia comes, an unprotected child."

But a few short years ago, the whole valley of the Mississippi, was one vast wilderness; the yell of the Indian, and the scream of the Panther were alone heard on its shores. Its interminable forest presented to the well practised eye of the hunter, as he floated down the stream a glorious field for the exercise of his favorite amusement. Gradually however, the march of improvement, headed by the hardy and adventurous sons of the West, gave to the sombre landings of the river "local habitations," as well as names. The old inhabitants, or rather dwellers on the banks of the Ohio, and Mississippi, have many a tale to tell of "danger braved and Indian scrapes;" they will tell you of Indian canoes that skimmed their dangerous waters, and of the more modern and something nearer allied to civilization, the broadhorn of Kentucky, they will then follow it up with the keel boat of the Ohio, and there are some who are still living to add to their list, the steam-boat, but *they are few*.

The old dwellers have many a tale to tell of Mike Fink, and to this day the burden of his old boat song, is heard all along the river.—

"Hard upon the beech oar,
She moves too slow;
All the way to Shawneetown,
Long while ago."

While speaking of Mike Fink, we deem this a fitting place to acknowledge that we owe to a writer in the Western Souvenir, the idea of a drama, which we have written under that title, the article alluded to is headed "The last of the Boatman;" of whom the author thus speaks. "Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once professed as marked a character, as that of the Gypsies of England, or the Lazaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than the third of a century; the character was created by the introduction of trade on the Western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steam-boat."

We also extract from an invaluable work* the following graphic picture of the life of a boatman on the Ohio.

"There is no wonder that the way of life which the boatman lead, in turn is extremely indolent, and extremely laborious; for days together requiring little or no effort, and attended with no danger, and then on a sudden, laborious and hazardous beyond the Atlantic navigation, gen-

* Fink's Recollections.

erally plentiful as it respects food, and always so as it regards whiskey; should always have seductions that prove irresistible to the young people that live near the banks of the river. The boats float by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward—all these circumstances harmonize in the excited youthful imagination. The boatmen are dancing to the violin on the deck of their boat. They scatter their wit among the girls on the shore, who come down to the water's edge to see the pageant pass. The boat glides on, until it disappears behind a point of wood, at this moment, perhaps, the bugle with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance, over the water. These scenes, and these notes, echoing from the bluffs of the beautiful Ohio, have a charm for the imagination, which although I have heard a thousand times repeated, and at all hours, and in all positions, is even to me, always new, and always delightful. No wonder that the young, who are reared in these remote regions with that restless curiosity, which is fostered by solitude and silence, who witness scenes like these so frequently; no wonder that the severe and unremitting labors of agriculture, performed directly in the view of such scenes, should become tasteless and irksome."

We are almost tempted to yield to the spirit of romance, which is now hovering over us, and pursue the picture, there is a charm around and about it, which conjures up the visions of our early youth. Legends upon legends swell up the catalogue presented to our view—but ours is no romance, or if it be, let it be called the romance of the drama.

We must therefore necessarily pass over many years of deep and absorbing interest, and come at once to the subject of our work. Cincinnati is the Athens of the drama beyond the Blue ridge, but unlike Athens, she gave her Thespians something better than a wagon or a scaffold for their exhibitions.* In 1815, Cincinnati could boast of eleven hundred houses; in 1831 upwards of three thousand, and thirty thousand inhabitants. The increase of this the next to the largest city of the west, will show an account for the extraordinary increase of learning, and the rapid advancement of the arts and sciences through such a vast section of our country, which was but about thirty years ago almost a wilderness. Cincinnati was in 1815, but a young city, nor was her literary interest disregarded.

The first newspaper printed north of the Ohio river, and the third west of the mountains, was issued at this place, November 9th, 1793, by William Maxwell; its name was the Sentinel of the North-western Territory, its motto "open to all parties." In 1811, the first public school was erected; and in 1814 we find a seminary was instituted, under the name of the Cincinnati Lancasterian seminary. In this year the public library, which for the space of five years, had been struggling with "causes and effects," for an existence, commenced its infantile operations, with eight hundred volumes, the usual number of a private library. To trace the gradual rise of the city, in all the various departments of literature, commerce, &c., would be one of much interest, and productive of much pleasure. In 1831, we find established a wholesome system of education; the legislature of 1825 having passed a law, laying the foundation of a system of free schools throughout the state; and in addition to which a special act having been passed, making more ample provision in Cincinnati. The city authorities in 1831 commenced operations under this law, and schools have been established in the different districts, sufficient to accommodate all the children of a proper age, and to continue

the year round. These schools are free, and open to all classes, without distinction, and are supported by a tax.

There are several circulating libraries, and ten book stores; three daily, and ten weekly papers are published there; there are two very respectable museums, and a gallery of paintings, in fact every department of the fine arts, meets here ample encouragement. Of its theatre we have now to speak.

As early as 1805* some itinerants made their appearance in Cincinnati, and gave readings and recitations; and during several succeeding years, strolling companies without "name or fame," stopped on their way to the "deep and bloody ground," and gave exhibitions, more for the purpose of defraying expences than anything else. In 1815 a society of young men (Amateurs) erected a wooden edifice, for the dramatic muse; no objection seems to have been made against it, by the religious, until a strolling company came, who were permitted to play in it. This commenced the "tag of war," the "clergy were in arms and eager for the fray," as they always are, when the theatre is the shaft for their venomous darts; it was urged by them that it encouraged a set of wandering vagabonds, and engrossed the time of the people, that it was an idle and demoralizing profession, &c. They were strongly supported by the bigoted—the company vanished, and even the amateurs had to yield to the overwhelming arguments of the clergy, and the temple of the muses, the queen of the arts and sciences, the governess of music, and the concentration of rays from the brightest luminaries in the hemisphere of learning was closed.

Among those who made what is here termed theatrical tours in the far West, was Mr. William Turner, he can claim rank with the earliest pioneers in the drama's cause beyond the Blue ridge; as early as 1810-11: he performed in various towns of the West, and was a regular visiter at that early period, to many places where the music of the Thespian band had never been heard. In 1815, a Thespian company had a theatre in Cincinnati, from whom Mr. Turner rented it for twelve nights, and performed "The Stranger, Othello, School for Scandal, Man and Wife, Rivals, Richard III., Cure for the Heart Ache, Lover's Vows, Hamlet, Wheel of Fortune, Alexander the Great, Romeo and Juliet, &c." The reader will perceive that the legitimate was decidedly the object of the manager, his company at that period consisted of "Mr. Collins, Mr. Caulfield, (who died in April 1815,) Morgan, Jefferson, Anderson, Laidly, Bob Laidly, poor Bob! Cargel, Lucas, Turner, Beale. Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Milner. This campaign commenced April 3, 1815.

Anxious to obtain all the information concerning the earliest introduction of anything like the legitimate drama, in the West, I addressed a letter of which the following is a copy, accompanying one from Mr. Caldwell, to the oldest veteran of the drama now living, in the West.

To SAMUEL DRAKE, Esq.

Dear Sir.—Your name being identified with the early history of the drama in the "far West," I am induced to address you upon the subject, for the purpose of obtaining some information of the same, as I am about compiling a dramatic work, to which as yet I have given no name. And it is essential to the object I have in view, that I should be in possession of the earliest date of its migration to the West. I would respectfully suggest to you sir, if not requiring too much of your time and patience, to write me a letter, in which you can give facts and remarks calculated to give an additional interest, to that portion of the drama's history. Annexed is a letter from James H. Caldwell, Esq., which will introduce this to your consideration, feeling assured that it will meet with as kind a reception as if presented personally.

Yours, very respectfully.

New Orleans, June, 1837. THE AUTHOR.

* We have omitted Louisville in this sketch, as its dramatic history is the same as that of Cincinnati.

To this fountain I applied with a most ardent thirst, it was the source from whence I expected to receive all the information necessary to swell up the stream, to connect it with the great dramatic ocean of the North; that fountain, alas! is stopped, that source is dry, yet though the old landmarks are gone, still there is a light of other days to shine, one ray from which will lead us to the path, to another fountain, rich in all the knowledge for which we so ardently thirsted. The following letter from the old veteran is worth its weight in gold.

HARMONY FARM LANDING, JULY 24th 1837.

Dear Sir.—I have received your favors—I should be very glad to assist you in your undertaking, if it were in my power, but I am too far advanced in years, to have retention sufficient to write a sketch of the drama, having no written documents of my pursuits, and having been also compelled to quit the shop, to encounter the plough share for the last five years. Early impressions are of great duration, as is evident in me, for although I am bordering on seventy years of age, I can recollect to mind occurrences of early youth, with prompt precision; but in later days, reminiscences are retrogressive shadows.

If you mean to furnish the world with a general history, and biography of the drama, I think the patronage would be liberal, for its admirers are become a numerous body. Mr. Caldwell is very able to furnish you with a valuable historical account, and as a devotee of theatrical formulae, no gentleman is more capable of description; I beg leave to recommend you to accept of his kind interference and assistance.*

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL DRAKE.

We have obeyed the writer, and find that he was not mistaken in his estimate of Mr. Caldwell's capability and kindness.

In 1819, a small company under the management of Mr. Blanchard, visited Cincinnati, and performed a few nights in Mr. Dawson's school room, in Water street.

The foundation of the Columbia street theatre, was laid this year, and the company of Messrs Collins and Jones, performed for a short season in the second story of Burrows and Turner's store, corner of Columbia and Walnut street. Next year 1820, the new theatre opened, with "Wives as they were." Sir William Dorrillon, Mr. Collins; Bronzely, Mr. Jones; Lord Priory, Mr. Lucas; Miss Dorrillon, Mrs. Groshon. Collins was an excellent actor, so was Jones, and is. Mrs. Groshon was deservedly a great favorite, she was an excellent Lady Macbeth. James M. Scott, since known as "Long Tom Coffin," was a leading member of the company.

A company consisting of Messrs A. Drake, S. Drake, Jr., Palmer, Fisher, Douglass, Jones, Sol. Smith; and Mesdames Morgan, Fisher, and three or four young Fishers followed. With a company so limited in number, it will be supposed the selection of pieces must have been extremely circumscribed, but this does not appear to have been the case, for we find they performed such pieces as "Pizarro," "The Poor Gentleman," and other equally full plays. The following was the cast for Pizarro.—

Pizarro,	Mr. S. Drake.
Atalibi,	
Rolla,	Mr. Fisher.
Las Casas,	
Alonzo,	Mr. A. Drake.
Orozimbo,	

* From other sources we have heard that Mr. Drake and family, emigrated to the West, in 1815, upon an invitation from Mr. Luke Usher, who had some time previous established theatres in Frankfort and Lexington. The Louisville theatre, which has since been enlarged to its present size, was built, and in a short time. Mr. Drake had the control of all the theatres in Kentucky. The following persons composed what may properly be termed the Pioneer company of the West.—Messrs Drake, Blisset, Lewis, Ludlow, S. Drake, Jr., Alexander Drake, James Drake. Mrs. Lewis, Miss Donny, and Miss Julia Drake.

The adventures of this party, whilst travelling from Albany N. Y., to Kentucky, would fill a volume.

* The first tragedy was acted in Athens on a wagon by Thespis 534, B. C. The first comedy was acted in the same city, in the year 502, upon a movable scaffold.

High Priest!
 Almagro!!
 Blind man!!!
 Sentinel!!!!
 Valverde!!!!
 Guard!!!!
 The whole of the Spanish Army!!!!!!

All these seven characters were represented by Mr. Sol. Smith.
 Peruvian boy, Miss Fisher.
 Elvira, } Mrs. Fisher.
 Priestess of the Sun, }
 Cora, Mrs. Morgan.
 Child, Miss A. Fisher.

This cast reminds us of one we met with somewhere, of "The Poor Gentleman," being represented by four persons; what such exhibitions are, they only who have witnessed them; are able to inform us. This bill like the one above, is certainly a curiosity, we regret that we are unable to give the year when it occurred.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN, Or the Love of Argument.

Lieut. Worthington, } Mr. Weile.
 Humphrey Dobbins, }
 Sir Robert Bramble, }
 Corporal Foss, } Mr. Deans.
 Ollapod, the Apothecary, }
 Stephen Harroby, }
 Sir Charles Cropland, } Mr. Johnston.
 Frederick Bramble, }
 Miss Lucretia Mac Tabb, } Mrs. Deans.
 Miss Emily Worthington, }

After the Play the following Songs, &c.

My Mary's True, by Mrs. Deans.
 Knowing Joe, among the Show Folks, by Mr. Johnston.

Comic Songs, by Mr. Weile.
 Hipsley's drunken Man, by Mr. Johnston.

To conclude with the laughable Farce of
 BARNABY BRITTLE.

Or a Wife at her Wit's End.

Barnaby Brittle, Mr. Deans.
 Sir Peter Pride, } Mr. Weile.
 Clodpole, }
 Lovemore, } Mr. Johnston.
 Jeremy, }
 Mrs. Brittle, } Mrs. Deans.
 Damaras, }

Tickets of Admission to be had at the principal Inns.

Front seat one shilling, back six-pence. To begin at eight o'clock. *English Paper.*

In the winter of 1820, the Columbia street theatre was managed jointly by Messrs Drake and Collins. The partner of the latter gentleman remaining with their company in the South-western towns. The "Forty Thieves," with many other novelties was produced this season with great splendor, but still it was an unproductive one; the company was indifferent, as was also the patronage.

We find the name of Sol Smith, among those who formed the company of 1821, acting as prompter, the company consisted of Messrs. Collins, Jones, Cargill, Hays, Henderson, Miss Denny, Mrs. Groshon, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hanna, and Miss Seymour, afterwards Mrs. Cargill, Mr. Cooper performed an engagement during the season, on the first night of his engagement, the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play:—

"The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, (whom not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the inside of a play house. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the Duke and Senators; the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby, until she arrived at the door of the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in, without withdrawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy, was

* Now Mrs. Drake, the popular actress of the west.

obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the step she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more sociable—and as fate would have it, just at the moment, Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed:

"Here comes the lady."

The Senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the "gentle Desdemona," when lo! the maiden from the country, stepped from the box plump on the stage, and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself, could not help joining in the general mirth; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy."

In the fall of 1822, Messrs. Collins and Jones again opened the Cincinnati theatre. The company this season were Messrs. Collins and Jones, Scott, Forrest, Davis, Eberle, Henderson, Groshon, Mrs. Pelby, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Riddle, Miss Henton, and Miss Eliza Riddle, then but a child. The opening play was the "Soldier's Daughter," the part of young Malfort by Mr. Forrest. The company proceeded to Louisville, but a party of them returned and opened the Globe Theatre, on Main Street. This party consisted of Messrs. Forrest, Scott, Cargill, Woodruff and Davis, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Riddle, Mrs. Cargill, and Mrs. Hanna. At this house Forrest played Othello, and many other characters for the first time, "but with scarcely any knowledge of the text," so says a known critic of that day. We question the correctness of this, for we knew Edwin Forrest when a boy, and his ideas of Shakespeare were crude, it is true, but they gave great promise of those developements of the immortal bard, which in after years, drew down the plaudits of an English audience in the temple where a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Kean were wont to be supreme.

Mr. Forrest played Richard for his benefit—the same critic says—"I prophesied his future greatness, they set me down a little less than a madman! they said I would "spoil the lad,"—he was a clever boy certainly, but puffing would ruin him."—This critic is now one of Forrest's warmest friends. Mr. Pelby acted as a star during the season, as did Mr. Pemberton—Forrest playing Titus and Icilius to their Brutus and Virginius.

From Cincinnati Mr. Forrest wrote to Mr. Caldwell, then in New Orleans, and was engaged by that gentleman for the ensuing season, at a salary of eighteen dollars per week!

A new piece written by Mr. Smith, a brother of Sol. Smith, was brought out at the Globe, and was quite, or speaking theatrically, highly successful; it was called "Modern Fashions." Forrest and Scott played a pair of Dandies in it. This gave rise to another production called "The Tailor in Distress," in which a well known merchant tailor figured as the hero. In this piece, Forrest performed the part of a Negro.

Business failing altogether in the Globe theatre, the members of the company scattered in different directions. Forrest and Davis with the Riddle family made an excursion into the country, and performed at Dayton. Forrest was obliged to pledge his stage wardrobe for his bill at a boarding house, or tavern; whether he has yet recovered it, is a matter we profess to be entirely ignorant of. The party travelled on foot from Lebanon to Cincinnati, a distance of

twenty miles, crossed the river to Newport, and played "Douglas," and "Miss in her Teens," to a house of seven dollars. They contrived to get through the summer, and in the fall, they a joined Collins and Jones at Lexington Kentucky.

[At this portion of the dramatic history of the West, is not only interesting, but highly amusing, and we have in store for our readers, a rich treat which will be offered to them in a further work on the drama; wherein we will introduce sketches from the life and writings of Mr. Sol. Smith, the present able and efficient manager of the Mobile and St. Louis theatres; a gentleman so universally known as an actor, and admired as a man, that it would be superfluous for us to say more to insure for it, as they say in theatrical parlance "a run."]

JAMES H. CALDWELL.—With the early history of this gentleman, and his dramatic career, antecedent to the year 1817, we have nothing to do. We find him at that period manager of a theatre in the District of Columbia, and we take it for granted, that he reached the "tinsel throne" by the slow progressive, yet laborious duties of a faithful subject. The reader may probably wish to know something more of a man, whose name is identified with the drama throughout the United States, and whose extraordinary career in the South, has been the subject of news paper discussion, wonder, and wise remarks, for the last fifteen years. It would, I acknowledge, be no difficult task to satisfy the curious upon this point, but as I have reason to believe that Mr. Caldwell intends to write his own history, I will not anticipate the public, in the treat such a work will naturally offer.

In the year 1817, as already stated, he was manager of a theatre, to which little or no importance seems to have been attached. In 1818, he built by subscription, the Petersburg theatre, and in the same year he performed the first play in Richmond, after the calamitous fire, which occurred there, December 26th, 1811.

The enterprise of Caldwell kept up quite a sensation in Virginia, with a well organized company, and himself a stern Solon for the legitimate, he gave to the stage a tone and character, it had not heretofore possessed, in that section of the country. The limits for action being as he thought too narrow, and offering no extraordinary inducements to remain, he conceived the great design of establishing the drama in the "far West." Millions had cast their eyes towards the great valley of the Mississippi, then spoken of as the promised land; but a journey to which was considered as one of great danger and peril, both by sea and land; and the paths to which were everything but those of pleasantness and peace. Yet adventurers were found, who sought its wilds, and returned to tell their tale of "hair breath escapes." To the merchant and mechanic the temptations were strong, but a "theatrical company," the idea was considered ridiculous. Caldwell however, a close observer of men and manners, knew that money making people are not always selfish, and are sometimes the patrons of the arts and sciences; he had a correct idea of the generous spirits of the South, and knowing too that no kind of literature is so pleasing as the dramatic, he determined to establish a temple dedicated to its cause in the city of New Orleans, on the banks of the Mississippi.*

Writers, actors, and others have endeavored to strip Mr. Caldwell of the honor, which he certainly has a right to claim, of being the founder of the legitimate drama in the South west. Having premised our subject with these remarks, by way of an introduction, we will now let Mr. Caldwell speak for us.

[The following account of his first trip to New Orleans, was written expressly for this work.]

The French had established a theatre in New Orleans, as early as 1800, but it did not flourish until 1818, when John Davis, Esq., built a very neat one, and imported a company of regular actors from France. From that period to the present, the French theatre has been in the full tide of successful operation, under the very able and judicious management of the above named gentleman. Mr. Ludlow with a regular company, performed in the St. Philippi street theatre two years before Mr. Caldwell did; but it remained for that gentleman to establish and perpetuate the drama in that city.

The Dramatic Mirror, having now attained a large circulation, through all parts of the country, is the best medium now issued, of advertising all matters connected with the Stage.

First insertion, 4 cents a line
Each subsequent do. 2 cents do.



DRAMATIC MIRROR, AND LITERARY COMPANION.

Saturday Morning, December 11, 1841.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The likeness of J. R. Scott, in this number of the Mirror, is one of the best specimens of engraving on wood that has yet appeared in this or any other paper. The artist deserves credit for the admirable manner with which he has fulfilled his task,—the attitude, the turn of the head, in fact, the eye cannot detect a single error. Prejudice apart, all must acknowledge the likeness to the original.

"Rover."—If thou art a friend to the Mirror, do not urge us to publish a separate paper for Biographies, have patience, and the whole corps dramatique shall be reflected to your astonished view. As regards Simpey, he is but a poor boy, and can do no harm.

"The Theatre, its Friends and its Enemies," is under consideration.

"Drunkards of the Dramatic Profession."—It gives us pleasure to state that we have received several letters from individuals of the profession as well as managers, thanking us for the publication of what they term, "a fearful exposure." Upon this subject we have but one word to say—it was written to produce if possible, a revolution in regard to these disgraceful scions of a noble art. Managers of theatres are so situated that they cannot at all times refuse these men engagements, although we feel satisfied, they would be much better pleased if the public would hiss them off, the first night they appeared upon the boards intoxicated.

PHILADELPHIA.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—London Assurance !!!—Mr. Charles, an excellent actor, is engaged at this house. Mr. Hamblin, and Mrs. Shaw are underlined on the bills.

THE NATIONAL.—Benefit for fire companies, have occupied nearly the whole of the week, on these occasions sterling old pieces are played; Mrs. Seymour we have noticed elsewhere. On Thursday evening Mr. Browne took his benefit; he goes South.

ARCH STREET.—On Monday evening the new burlesque piece entitled Philadelphia Assurance, was produced at this theatre. It is the best thing of the kind we ever witnessed—the very scenery, and furniture were parodied. It is full of wit and humor, abounding with tart sayings and local hits, which were received by a

good house, with shouts of applause. An attempt in the early part of the evening was made by some long ears, to put it down, but they did not succeed—unless rendering themselves ridiculous can be so considered. The burlesque was decidedly successful, and adds another wreath to the brow of the author, Mr. Silas S. Steele.

WALNUT ST. THEATRE.—When a degree of success attends a theatre, fully commensurate to the tact of the management, and the talent of the company, in these times of the total prostration of business, we should say it is doing well, very well. The Walnut Street theatre is decidedly the most fortunate in its regular nightly receipts, and for this the management is indebted to its friends, for there are associations of long standing connected with this establishment, which theatre going people cannot easily cease to remember. But the management is now about sacrificing this theatre for the purpose of endeavouring to build up the fortunes of the Chesnut. The audiences of the Walnut are to take what remains after the Chesnut has had its pick. A sterling actor was taken from his post the other night, to play in the place of Mr. Tasistro who refused to perform, and the Walnut Street audience were seemingly satisfied with some one reading the part. The public cannot be persuaded or coaxed into measures, neither will they believe that Mrs. Marsden of the Walnut, can be palmed upon them as a Miss,—they are one, and the same person, most decidedly.

If the Walnut closes—and it must if these things proceed—it can never re-open with the most distant prospect of success if it continues playing second fiddle to the Chesnut. That establishment has a distinct audience from the Walnut, the one don't go to the other, and the first are but poor patrons of the dramatic muse. We do not speak from any motives of envy, favour or animosity we are the advocates, not the detractors of the drama, and we speak as much for the frequenters of the theatre as we do for the managers. And would say as a business man, "Keep the old stand in full blast, hang out the banners on the outward wall, and the cry will still be—They come!"

THE CIRCUS.—Several new pieces, and sports in the ring, have drawn good houses as usual. The gay laugh of children—the shouts of those more advanced—and the chuckle of delight from the "winter headed"—all give; "goodly assurance" of being pleased; in fact, if all are to be damned who get to such places—as a reverend gentleman asserts they will, it is at least a consolation, and one which should afford him much gratification to know—that they look for all the world more like a people in a state of happiness than one of misery.

Mr. Abbott.—This excellent actor, accomplished gentleman and scholar, is performing at the Walnut street theatre. He is shortly going South he has our best wishes for his success, let him go where he will.

ITEMS.

Mrs. Seymour.—This lady has been playing a short engagement at the National. We have spoken of her recitation of Lewis's Captive, and awarded to her our meed of praise. As an actress, however, we cannot speak in terms so high, there is too much of the novice in all she does—nothing the finished artist, which gives

to a character the touch as if it were of magic, and rendering it as it should be, the "semblance of nature's self." This lady has all the requisites for an actress, but it will require time and study to fashion them to our liking.

A most wretched drama, said to be written by Mrs. S. C. Hall, was enacted on Monday evening, in which Mrs. Seymour appeared. It was written as stated, expressly for Mrs. S., we should say as much, and it is likely she will have to keep it.

Miss Alexina Fisher.—We are pleased to hear of the success which has attended this young actress in Richmond. She appeared on Friday evening the 3d. inst., as Julia in the Hunchback.

The American Theatre, N. Orleans, opened on the 20th. November, with "The Heir at Law," and "Swiss Swains." A list of the company has already been published in the Mirror. Mr. Thorne was warmly welcomed by his old friends.

Bennet's Sunday Herald.—A valuable and pleasing adjunct to a man's breakfast:

Racy, Rich, and Rare.
As all of Bennet's papers are,—"FORKS."

Mr. Herwig, a violinist, who has produced a great sensation in Boston and New York, and who is spoken of as one of the most extraordinary performers of the day, is now in Philadelphia, and is about to give a series of Concerts, the first of which will take place on Saturday evening next.

Mrs. Seymour.—On Monday evening, this lady will give her readings and recitations, at the Musical Fund Hall, a splendid programme announces to the public, a highly rich and intellectual treat. The dramatic sketch of the Captive is fully worth the price of admission.

Miss Ellen Tree and Mr. C. Kean, are at present fulfilling an engagement at Liverpool.

Baltimore.—The letter of our correspondent did not reach us this week. Wemyss is busily engaged in getting up London Assurance. The monumental city will not be behind the fashion. For it is the fashion to go where this comedy is played.

Braham, is going home—let him do so if he likes.

Mrs. Russell—the widow of the late Richard Russel, for many years, the popular manager of the "Little Camp," New Orleans, made her first appearance there for the season on the opening of the theatre, after an absence of four years.

HIT-EMS, &c.

Simpson was not wise during the run of such a piece as London Assurance, to permit the best of his company to go to Philadelphia, and depend on Fanny Elsler.

Barry, at the Park, has entered the list with Thorne, in getting up melo dramas—Charley, look to your laurels!

Our Amphi-theatrical managers in the Bowery, have commenced a Juvenile Equestrian School, on the principle, we suppose, of the Naval Apprentice System.

If the circulation of the Sunday Mercury was somewhat larger, Hamblin would be considerably benefitted by its abuse.

Is Mitchell asleep, or has the genius of Crummies deserted him?—We want something new, my fine fellow.

Thorne has determined to play tragedy till the banks stop breaking:—Charles calls this sympathising with the public.

Mr. Tasiatro, has published a card explaining the reasons for his not appearing as Charles Courtly, at the opening of "Old Drury."

Mr. N. H. Bannister.—Through the columns of the "Daily Message," Cincinnati, has answered the scurrilous article which appeared in the Chronicle of that place in a very able manner. He defends the drama as the members of the profession should when they are slandered.

Quite funny.—The sermon of the Reverend Mr. Burrows on the stage, as delivered by him last Sunday evening, at the Sansom Street Meeting House.—Will it be published?

NEW YORK.

PARK THEATRE.—The lessons of experience are often dearly bought, and quite as often disregarded; it is in vain they present themselves as guides for the future when we are indisposed to receive them but as passages of the past, as inflictions which we have endured, and having no reference beyond the penalty.

We have said, and the public voice has decided in favor of our judgment—that the sterling and legitimate drama effectively produced, and with a strong company will sustain itself. That the public is never failing in its patronage of vigorous and deserving efforts. No season has ever commenced with greater éclat than the present season at the Park, some of our finest old comedies were produced with an elaborate cast, and the houses were never failing. *London Assurance* was next presented with the same strength in the cast and in the perfection of scenic arrangement, giving it all those blandishments which the public had, and have a right to require of every play presented to their acceptance. What was the result—success—success perfectly unprecedented—the public flocked to its favourite amusement, the theatre, when the stage had been rendered worthy of it. This was the state of the Park during a continuance of a part of its season; let us look to it—what is it now—prostrated to the foot of Fanny Elssler, and obliged to close its doors to the mere casualty, the accidental circumstance of her non-appearance to her engagement. We have lost Browne, Latham, Placide, Cushman, &c., &c., and the house has been obliged to close until Fanny Elssler can come to its redemption. We are the decided, the warmest friends of Mr. Simpson—we have the highest opinion of his qualifications, as a man, and as a gentleman, but we cannot say much for the judgment which has received so many severe reproofs, and it is not yet matured in management. Fanny Elssler plays twice this week—Wednesday and Friday. Her off nights, Thursday and Saturday are to be supplied by the new tragedy from the pen of Miss Mitford, called *Oliver Cromwell*.

Miss Mitford is a very talented writer, but we think rather feeble in the management of her plot, and not sufficiently bold and energetic in her dialogue. There is a smoothness and evenness in her verse rendering it more for the closet than the stage—while her incidents are all too passive—we do not argue any extraordinary success from the production of *Oliver Cromwell*. But the public is to decide. Of

course, we cannot look forward to the production of *Money* or any other distinguishing novelty until after the termination of the Elssler engagement, and the return of the absentees.

BOWERY.—*Napoleon* at this theatre is doing wonders for the management. Its gorgeousness, scenic splendor and magnificence, is the theme of general praise, not merely on account of the liberality displayed in its production, and the profusion of its effects, but in their fidelity and in their association with those parts which they illustrate, and their identity with some of the incidents in the life and attendant on the death of the most remarkable man of the present age. C. Mason's *Napoleon* is an admirable embodiment of the person of the great Emperor Napoleon, is represented nightly to never failing houses, and is announced for repetition on every evening during the present season. By the bye, this is no very equivocal demonstration of success.

BOWERY AMPHI-THEATRE.—The admirers of equestrian exercises, and they are very numerous in this good city, are nightly presented with a rich treat at this very favorite establishment. Its proprietors are unquestionable caterers, fearless in adventure, bold and energetic in all their undertakings. We are pleased with their performances, and no less with the order and decorum observed in the general management of the house—we have always enough for our money, and never fail to retire well satisfied with our evening's entertainment. The three darkies, Diamond, Whitlock, and T. G. Booth, are here rivalling each other in their Wirginny breakdowns and nigger airs.

THE CHATAM.—Massinger's tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry*, has been produced at this theatre with considerable effect; the part of Romont by J. R. Scott. Scott is a good actor, and a great favorite at this establishment. His Romont is unquestionably a good performance. As a biographical sketch of the life of this distinguished actor, accompanied by an excellent portrait admirably executed, and a faithful likeness, illustrates our present number; we shall refer our readers to the opinions we have formed of his talents to the article in question. Mr. Kirby's *Charalots* we consider over acted.

Thorne has announced several new pieces, and some under revival.

OLYMPIC.—Mitchell continues to do a good business, notwithstanding all the efforts made by rival establishments to share public patronage. The truth is, whatever may be said to the contrary—we are a play going people—lovers of wit and humor—and no manager can fail if he will keep pace with the times, and exhibit activity in the pursuits of novelty. *Love's Livery*—*Riquet with the Tuft*—*Saratoga Springs*—and *Confounded Foreigners*—four pieces full of fun and frolic, admirably performed, are represented nightly at Mitchell's temple to crowded houses, and Mitchell tells us in his daily bulletins that "the tremendous hit" made by all the four new pieces compels the manager to their repetition; and in consequence of the overwhelming rush to all parts of the house the free list is suspended. Bravo Mitchell, vive la bagatelle.

Fanny Fitzwilliam and little Buckstone, have been performing in Baltimore to wretched houses; Wemyss, with all his tact and enterprise, finds it almost impossible to make the Baltimoreans a theatrical people.

DEATH OF MRS. PROCTOR.

The annexed article in relation to Mrs. Proctor, we take from the Daily Chronicle of Thursday, the 9th. inst.

Mrs. Proctor is Dead.—To every playgoer in Philadelphia, the announcement of the death of Mrs. Proctor, in Boston, on Tuesday last, will be received with astonishment; not more so, however, than it was to us, who knew her well and intimately for a long time, and in the whole circle of our acquaintance, we have never known a more exemplary and upright lady. She was a lovely creature in all respects:—in private, retiring, yet interesting and intellectual—possessed a fund of knowledge, and was versed in many languages, music, &c. As a wife and mother she was a paragon, and an excellent model for many of the histrionic profession. The announcement of her demise we received last evening, in a private letter, from a friend in Boston, as follows:

Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1841.
To the Editors of the Daily Chronicle.

SIRS.—I have the melancholy intelligence to inform you that Mrs. Proctor is dead; she departed this life at six o'clock, this morning, (Tuesday) after an illness of about ten days. She took cold while playing in the "Naiad Queen," although sick, she continued to perform until after the second night of "London Assurance," in which she played *Grace Haraway*, in a superior style. This was her last performance. In her death the stage has lost one of the brightest ornaments. At the National she was the principal attraction. She has left a fond and devoted husband and four children to mourn her death.

Mrs. Proctor was a native of this city, and made her first appearance on any stage at the Chesnut street Theatre, while under the management of her father, the lamented Mr. William Warren. Shortly after she married Mr. Willis, the celebrated musician, and at the time of her debut, leader of the orchestra. Willis died in New Orleans, about five years ago. Within a year after that time, she became the wife of Mr. Proctor, a gentleman, we know, who positively doated upon her, alike for her splendid talents, and private character. Mrs. Proctor has always held a prominent position in the drama in every city where she has played. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Pittsburg she was a wonderful favorite, as a member of stock companies; while as a star she won golden opinions in various places of the Union. In her death, the stage has indeed lost one of its brightest ornaments.

Pittsburgh.—The theatre at this place has closed, and Dinneford with the whole of his company, (excepting Mrs. Charles,) are on their way to Cincinnati. This is a new move for Dinneford on the chequered board of the drama, which we hope will prove a good one. Cincinnati is decidedly a theatrical city, and with so good a company he cannot but succeed, and that too in despite of the wise *Solon*, whose wholesale abuse of the drama we noticed in our last.

The Pittsburg theatre was kept open one night extra, for the purpose of giving to Mrs. Hunt a complimentary benefit, on which occasion *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *Turning the Tables* were performed, to a great house:—Mr. Hunt also sung several popular songs.

Scott, we presume, ere this has opened his Vicksburg theatre, he will do a good business

no doubt, although it is an awful looking temple. In rainy weather it takes a whole team to draw one individual to it, and he demands a treat from the manager for his courage in making the attempt.

Communicated.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

The re-opening of this theatre, on Wednesday evening to a numerous audience, after an intermission of several weeks was highly gratifying to the patrons of the drama, to behold her doors once more thrown open, and her lamps again re-illuminated. It was much regretted that it became necessary to close the doors of this fashionable establishment, at a time too, when all the numerous places of amusement were nightly opened to excellent houses, and apparently doing an advantageous and profitable business. The causes which led to this unfortunate occurrence were much deplored and exceedingly regretted, and a sympathy was very generally felt for the respectable manager, who found himself unexpectedly placed in an unfortunate dilemma. It has been repeatedly asked by many persons what was the reason that our gallant ship "Old Drury," should at the commencement of the season, have been run ashore, buffeted about, and lashed on every side by the dark billows that surrounded her. Certain it is, that had old and practical pilots retained the helm, free from coercion and restraint, that neat rigged vessel would have been floating smoothly in her natural element, regardless of the threatening storm that was seen approaching her. "Verbum sat sapienter." We here disclaim finding any fault with the manager, the oversight originated in another quarter, far beyond his ability or power to control. If we would trace the great fundamental error that has been committed to its proper source, we must look back to find the ground work that has occasioned these difficulties, and produced embarrassments so often deplored. Experience, it is said, teaches us wisdom, it at least improves the understanding, expands the mind, qualifies our thoughts and regulates our action. Let us endeavor by past errors to improve the future, and to steer clear of those rocks and quicksands which have so frequently beset our path, paralyzed our efforts, and prostrated our best intentions. We cannot close these remarks and admonitions without reminding our readers that the stockholders have acted in the kindest manner towards the Lessee, inasmuch as they have generally relinquished a large amount of arrearages, and in reducing very considerably the annual rent of the theatre. In a word, every indulgence has been given; every reasonable request has been granted. With these, and many other advantages, the manager may now look forward with brighter hopes and fairer prospects; he can commence again with redoubled efforts and renovated strength, confiding in a liberal public for that support which increased exertions and untiring industry justly merits and deserves. We will be happy if these efforts are crowned with success—should he, however, fail in his expectations, no blame or censure under any circumstances can be attributed to either agents, stockholders or friends, who have used their best endeavors to sustain the manager; but the cause must be imputed to adverse results and events, over which those gentlemen could have no possible participation, or control.

DRAMATICUS.

OLD FARREN, THE COMEDIAN. A CAPITAL GOOD STORY.

Old Farren! We have an anecdote to tell of him, that links in with his peculiar individuality so strongly, as to enforce the identity upon all who have ever known him and for those who have not encountered the historian, this sketch may serve as an introduction. The excellent actor known in the South and West for some years as "Old Farren," so far from being by any means advanced in years, is barely a matured juvenile of thirty, and

the remarkable alteration of feature and person, which he succeeded in making upon the stage, is invariably a subject of surprise among those who make his nearer acquaintance.

A few years since, when, after his close as stage manager of the Bowery, he first appeared in the South, a necessity occurred which compelled him to accompany Power from New Orleans to Natchez, as a material support in most of the favorite pieces, in which the popular (and now lamented) Irish comedian performed. Farren had not then entered the connubial precincts which he has since passed, and sundry anecdotes of the time, chiming in consonance with this present writing, would seem to lend authority to the opinion that he was not exactly the youthful individual likely to be selected as a model in the way of well regulated and prudent habits.

Conviviality and ill-luck, or treachery at play left him with pockets to let only a day or two after his Natchez engagement closed, and he only discovered that he was "situated as he was" when half way back to New Orleans, and the harsh clamor of a hand bell responded through the boat, accompanied by the musical recitative, of "Passengers who hav'n't paid their passage, please step up to the Captain's office and set-tl-le."

Farren, in some, confusion made his way to one of the clerks and confessed his predicament.

"Sir," said he, "I was positively not aware that my funds were exhausted until I thrust my hands in my pockets when the bell rang. I am Mr. Farren, of the Camp street Theatre, and request only leave to land and call at the box office, when I will at once settle for my passage."

The second clerk scanned the individual before him, hesitated, looked suspicious, and then made the story known to the first clerk. Farren went through a second examination and cross-questioning. Sharpers and shuffling fellows of all grades and kinds swarmed upon the river at the time, and Captains were constantly imposed upon.

The first clerk thought he had detected a scoundrel, and instantly sent for the Captain.—Poor Farren was quite new and green in the southern country, and he had heard of unfortunate devils being put ashore in swamps, so that he began to suffer under decided symptoms of trepidation, which no doubt the suspicious clerks, was a sure indication of guilt.

The Captain came, and at once pronounced the fellow an imposter, saying that Farren of the Camp Street theatre, was a man *seventy years old!* The first clerk seconded the assertion, declaring that he had seen "Old Farren" play every night the boat had been in port since the season commenced, and the actor was a man old enough to be grandfather to the young fellow who was attempting such an imposition.

"You're a fool, sir, as well as a knave," said the Captain, getting exasperated, "and you never could have seen Farren in your life, or you would not have tried such a ridiculous imposture. I tell you what, my youth, you are too green a customer to come it over us with quite so shallow a story!"

Farren forgot the personal insult in the transcendent compliment paid to his acting, and in the unconsciousness of habitual good breeding, he made the captain a low bow. This the astonished commander could understand in no other way than as a mockery and insult, and instantly ordering out the boat, he exclaimed, with a flushed countenance and clenched fist, "By —, young gentleman, you go ashore!"

And ashore the penniless actor would have been thrust had not the critical emergency dictated to him, at length, a ready method of proving his identity. Assuming suddenly, his style and manner as an old man upon the stage, he again asserted that he was really and truly, "Old Farren," urging the assurance with gesture, feature, and peculiar intonation that hurled conviction, like a thunderbolt, at the heads of the Captain and his clerks!

Of course, the matter resulted at once in a hearty and general laugh, the Captain, who was something of a humorist, declaring that he would in future believe it quite possible for a man to be his own grandfather! for Farren

carried the oldest head upon the youngest shoulders he ever saw in his life!

The Clergy, Actors, and Lawyers.—When Garrick was, on one occasion, asked by a clergyman how it happened that an audience in a theatre was so often melted into tears by the representation on the stage of matters of mere fiction, while the ministers of the Gospel preach Sabbath after Sabbath, truths of unquestionable reality and of eternal importance, without producing the slightest impression on their hearers,—"We actors portray fiction as if it were truth, and you clergymen preach truth as if it were fiction." I have often thought, that if our clergy exhibited as much zeal and energy in inculcating the great truths of the gospel, as counsel at the bar do in behalf of their clients, their ministry would be attended with much happier results than it usually is. The fictions of law and the sophistries to which so much animation and energy of manner are joined, that they have as in the case of stage representations, all the appearance, and often produce in the minds of strangers all the effect of actual truth.—*The Bench and the Bar*, by the Author of "Random Recollections."

The following letter was received by William B. Wood, Esq. while manager of the Chesnut street theatre.

New York, December 16, 1828.

Sire Mr.—I write to you to let you now that I have Com Pased a new peace called Eank Roe or the Eangean Chea'e Mr. forst ofered 500 Dollars for a Eangean Peace i Cold on him after he Came from Philada and he Told me he Did ofer 500 Dollars but he was not the Perisen that was to Pay for it Mr. forst is gone to Boston and Left me to find out how is to Pay for it it is finised in the indene stil now Mr.—i tel you with out flattery that this Pease is worth Taken notes of and it Remains with you to in Corege Tradged Ritten and i have a nother Coled the Camden Butey or the gearle he loved i have Som expence to Pay on this Riten and If you want them you will have to Send me ten or twenty Dollars and if thes Peases ear not aplord i Shall Charg you noth for them if you say Rit to me and i will Send them By the Steam Bot eachr Street i have a nother Riten i will Put it out 1829 Coled the Triumps of america win i Present this Pease i Shall Bring it my Self and Take apear in it my Self i will be under the necesety of Selen it heare if you do not Sen on Dirickley I Remain your friend J. P.

Dirick your later Chapel Steet corner of Warren street, No 27.

Master Reed, Emily Reed, and Misses Kinloch.

—These Lilliputian votaries of the science of Terpsichore, and who occasionally charm us in some favorite dance at the Walnut street theatre, must have a place in the Mirror, or we shall be accused of neglecting our native growth for exotics of other climes. Master Reed exhibits in his youthful person that matured style of dancing we are so apt to admire in those more advanced:—he entered the arena with an air of confidence, goes *manfully* to work, and draws down the applause of the house by the actual beauty and truth of his manner, and not called for, as is too often the case, by the partial few. Master Reed, young as he is, is a good musician; he performs on the violin remarkably well, and as we live within hearing distance, and have a relish for sweet sounds, we can at least bear witness to the rapid improvement he makes.

Emily Reed is much younger, and the Tambour Major Jig as danced with her brother, would shame many who have long since passed their teens.

There are also the two Miss Kinlochs, whose youthful attempts, and graceful efforts in several ballet dances, have attracted attention, and deserve mention.

From our Correspondent.

BOSTON.

TREMONT.—Mr. Butler has appeared in many of Shakespeare's characters; but to slim houses. On Monday was produced a new tragedy, written by Mr. Gratton, British Consul for the port of Boston, entitled, "Ben Nasin; or the Saracen. This tragedy was written for Edmund Kean;—it is announced for repetition until further notice.

NATIONAL.—London Assurance still continues to attract good houses—it will be laid aside this week, to make way for further novelties.

Murdock, one of the very best light comedians of the age, and always excellent in juvenile tragedy, has been butchering poor Power's characters. He intends to appear as Major O'Dogherty, in St. Patrick's Eve; but if he values his professional reputation, he will, we hope, alter his intentions.

Pelby will have a difficulty to fill the place of Mrs. Proctor—she was, deservedly, one of the greatest favourites that ever appeared before a Boston audience. We trust the manager will immediately give Mr. Proctor and the four children a free Benefit—apart from any other consideration, Mrs. P's own exertions entitle him to an overflowing house—he must have it.

For the Dramatic Mirror.

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMPEY. CHAPTER VII.

The Widow's Generosity.—Love's Christian Spirit made manifest.—A Den—Sailors and Pirates.—The Departure.

Mrs. Collins heard the story of Simpey's unhappy condition, and with the feelings of a mother sympathized in his misfortune—but for William, she insisted on his returning home.

"Then farewell, Mrs. Collins—give my love to Joseph and Jane—good bye, Simpey, our acquaintance commenced in sorrow, misery and we may meet again when the rich cannot oppress us or the saints."—

"Hush, William, do not talk so of your master's family in my house—go home like a good boy, as you are, and all will be well; I will attend to this poor lad, who seems really very ill."

William kissed the hand of Mrs. Collins, tears rolled down his cheeks, he caught Simpey in his arms, hugged him as if he were his brother, and rushed out of the house.

There is something terrible in the misfortunes of youth—crime and vice of all grades are continually looking out for recruits; and were are they to be found, but in places where the star of hope has set forever, and cimerian darkness reigns instead? There was, however, a better trait in the character of William—it was ambition! he had in his nights of misery some of those bright visions which lay before the mental eye the future—the vast volume of which had been opened, and in the dim perspective, he saw fame, glory and renown, sporting like motes in a sunbeam. Was but a dream?

The dawning after the scene we have described, Mr. Love called for William, as Mr Love was waiting for that drudge to bring up his boots.

"William is not up, sir," was the answer of a servant.

"Not up?—bring me the cowskin, I will see what 'virtue there is in that.'"

In a moment Love was in the wretched garret, and close to the wretched bed upon which he

hought to find his delinquent apprentice—the bird had flown, the bed was not the least tumbled.

"Aha! I see how it is, that was all a trick of the villain, the poor boy, stiff, dying fudge! I see it all—but does he think to escape me—me, a deacon of the church, a communicant, a taker of the wine and the bread of life! does he think to delude, elude, and preclude me from my right—five years to stay, eh? no indeed."

With these wise reflections, Love started off in pursuit of William.

We must now call the attention of our readers to a house in Shippen street—one of those dens of infamy where vice in various forms congregate and where virtue is never, or if seen, to be blasted. The air of that neighborhood was contaminated—the low frame houses were as Upas trees spreading their poison far and wide; lasciviousness sat at the door, and welcomed with a smiling face the stranger that passed her way.

There is something terrible in vice made public—something hideous when it stalks abroad in all the majesty of its power and strength; but oh how horrible, when the female form is made the tabernacle for its unholy rites; how revolting when a female publicly shows herself as the champion of its cause.

In one of those houses a number of persons had collected; the sound of music struck upon the ear harsh and discordant; yet was it music to their untutored minds. Numbers were dancing; others lounging about drinking and talking. There were two engaged closely in the latter: one was a stout, thick-set ill-looking man, with hair enough about his face to stuff a cushion for a chair—the other was a youth of about eighteen, tall, stout, and well made—reader, it was SMITH! the other was his uncle.

"Well, neph'y, the thing is settled; we start to-morrow morning, precisely at six; I say, tho', as you have more money than you want, hand some of it over here; the fact is, boys should'n't have too much money, it is injurious to their moral character, do you see?

Smith somewhat reluctantly complied with the request of his uncle, and upon the strength of which, they took another glass. Another glass!—in these two words what a lesson is contained—thousands of the human family have been ruined by—a nother glass; it is Satan's second lesson—it is the second step on the downward ladder leading to hell. Another glass! curses on the first one—years of health and of strength, years of uninterrupted enjoyment of peace and happiness—ages of bliss cannot wash away the remembrances of, 'only another glass,' and its consequences! Oh, "that men will put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their senses"—could they who are just indulging in "another glass" have witnessed the agony, the horror, and have heard the roans of screaming maniacs—the howls of madness—the writhing limbs—the agonising moans of *mania potu* victims, as I have, never would they take "another glass!"

The morning sun rose pure and clear—a little brig was seen rounding the point, a mile below the city of Philadelphia—the deck was crowded with men. One poor boy was seen: the tears were streaming from his eyes, his hands were clasp'd together—and he seemed as if he had left hope behind him in the vast city which lay like a lazar house of iniquity on the bright borders of Delaware's noble stream. And yet that boy had

neither mother or father, sister nor brother, kin or kindred tie, to cause a tear. He was an orphan, alone, desolate, houseless—it was William, the runaway apprentice of Mr. Love. He was, but he knew it not, on board of a brig which was to become the terror of the sea!—it had those on its decks whose hearts were as callous to the cries of humanity as were many of their hands red with innocent blood. One half of the crew were pirates, and had served under Lafitte, the celebrated pirate of the Gulf.

What a different scene presented itself in the house of the widow Collins, on that morning—it was a neat little parlor, the breakfast table was prepared; at the head of the table sat Mrs Collins; beside her her two children, and Simpey at the bottom.

"Your story my son, is a sad one;" (Simpey had omitted that part about the will and the tin box,) you must remain with us awhile, until something can be done—in the meantime don't move out of the house, you must not fall in with lawyer Brief."

"He will be company for me, won't he mother?"

"Yes, my son."

"And me too mother?"

"Yes, child, if you agree, which I hope you will, we shall have quite an agreeable addition to our little society."

Simpey cried—so much kindness was more than his young heart could bear—he arose and left the table.

"He is a good boy," said the mother.

"He is a brave boy," cried the son.

"He is a pretty boy," whimpered the daughter, "and I love him."

Reader, a child spoke these words, but a woman's soul prompted them.

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